Nim. I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at beating?

Pist. A noble shalt thou haue, and readie pay,
And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,
And friendship shall combind and brotherhood:
Ile liue by *Nim* as *Nim* shall liue by me:
Is not this iust? for I shall Sutler be
Vnto the Campe, and profit will accrue.

Nim. I shall haue my noble?

Pist. In cash most truly paid.

Nim. Why thers the humour of it.

Enter Hostes.

Hostes. As euer you came of men come in,
Sir *Iohn* poore soule is so troubled
With a burning tashan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.

Pist. Let vs condoll the knight: for lamkins we will liue.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Exeter and Gloster.

Glost. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust these traytors.

Exe. They shalbe apprehended by and by.

Glost. I but the man that was his bedfellow
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours
That he should for a forraine purse, to sell
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.

Exe. O the Lord of *Massham.*

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now sirs the windes faire, and we wil aboord;
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Massham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts.
Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs conquerors in the field of *France?*

Massha. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

Cam. Neuer

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better
is your maiestie.

Gray. Euen those that were your f
Haue steeped their galles in honey fo

King. We therefore haue great caus
And shall forget the office of our han
Sooner then reward and merit,
According to their cause and worthin

Massha. So seruice shall with steeled
And labour shall refresh it selfe with
To do your Grace incessant seruice.

King. Vncle of *Exeter*, enlarge the
Committed yesterday, that rayled ag
We consider it was the heate of wine
And on his more aduice we pardon h

Massha. That is mercie, but too m
Let him bee punisht Soueraigne,

Breed more of such a kinde.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your highnesse, and

Gray. You shew great mercie if yo
After the taste of his correction.

King. Alas your too much care and
Are heauy orisons gainst the poore v
If litle faults proceeding on distem

How should we stretch our eye, whe
Chewed, swallowed and disgested, ap
Well yet enlarge the man, tho Camb
In their deare loues, and tender prese
Would haue him punisht.
Now to our French causes.
Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. Me one my Lord, your high
it to day.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.22)